THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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THE BASKET OF THE DAY.

Into the basket of thy day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy however small,
And it shall verily befall
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share
And finding blessings everywhere.

—Priscilla Leonard.

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles will be one of the speakers at the Student Conference at Carmel-by-the-Sea, near Pacific Grove, this year.

Eastern papers state that Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee is "in need of funds which the new president will attempt to secure." The new president, as our readers already know, is Dr. George A. Gates who was for several years president of Pomona College in Southern California. It was the financial problem, the ever-increasing need for more money for the rapidly growing college, that wore on President Gates and led finally to his resignation. It is to be hoped that this burden will be less at Fisk, and that Dr. Gates will have opportunity to do the work a college president ought to do and for which he is admirably fitted. However, this is the word which we see concerning Fisk: "It is now supplied with an admirable campus and some excellent buildings, but its endowment is wholly inadequate to its needs. It is to observe the close of its first fifty years of existence in 1916, and between the present and that date the new president is to undertake the task of securing an endowment of $500,000." Fisk University is one of the chartered institutions of the American Missionary Association, one of the Congregational benevolent societies. It is for the higher education of the Negroes, both men and women.

The emperor and the empress of Germany listened recently to President Wheeler of the University of California in a lecture on "The Power of Public Opinion in America" at the Unievrsity of Berlin. President Wheeler said in the course of his lecture: "Experience seems to teach that government by public opinion signifies, at least for America, neither revolution nor even radicalism. Despite their radical theories, despite their heated enthusiasm before the elections and irrespective of their clearly manifested predilection for novelties in detail, the Americans are, even where only pose or caprice is in question, a conservative people—their English inheritance and their proprietary interests make them so—and if they sometimes give rein to their political extravagance it is because they know that the partitions between the various sections of the country are fairly water-tight and can withstand the pressure, and so they can afford this form of entertainment. They listen for a time to Mr. Bryan with pleasure, but if he had become President he would have either become a through-and-through Conservative—which is very probable—or they would have bound him hand and foot and placed a gag between his teeth."

"Notes for Women" is the name of a new monthly publication started by the Washington Equal Suffrage Association. We wish the new paper great success in the noble work in which it is engaged. Like Dr. MacArthur, one of New York's noted clergymen, we believe that "the women of America are bound to have the suffrage; it is coming soon." Among recent testimonies as to the good from equal suffrage is that of Judge Ailshire of the Idaho Supreme Court: "That equal suffrage has been a success in this state, and that it has resulted in the improvement of political and public conditions is in my opinion beyond cavil or debate." The judge continues: "I was in Idaho many years prior to the adoption of the equal suffrage amendment in 1896, and have been here ever since. Our women have proven themselves fully as capable of using the ballot as our men. They have held many public offices during the last twelve years, and in every instance, so far as I can now call to mind, they have made excellent officers, and have come up to the standard that has been reached by the men; and in many instances have exceeded that in efficiency. We have not had many women in the legislative department, but those who have been elected to that branch of the State government have in every instance made good. I have noticed one thing in particular with reference to women as legislators: they are seldom to be found in 'log-rolling' combines for the purpose of putting through questionable legislation. They generally want to know the nature and character of a bill before they vote either to enact or defeat it." In both Idaho and Wyoming the repeal of the laws which licensed gambling was due to the women.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Synod of Illinois voted recently an endowment of $60,000 for a Presbyterian religious and social circle at the University of Illinois.

The Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, seeks to have the fraternities build their houses on the campus and will donate sites for that purpose.

Dr. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, gave last week at the University of Virginia a series of seven lectures on "The Struggle Between Collectivism and Individualism in a Democracy."

Grateful for what President Emeritus Angell of the University of Michigan has done in the education of Japanese, and in recognition of his forty years of distinguished service as an educator, the Emperor of Japan has conferred on him the first class of the Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasure.

It was money well placed when the late Robert S. Kennedy of New York gave $1,500,000 to Robert College at Constantinople. For several years it has not been possible for the college to meet the demands that were made

upon it, and since the revolution in Turkey the call has been more urgent for enlargement. Mr. Kennedy had given largely to the college before; and now this princely bequest will make his influence a far reaching one in the future of that part of the world. Among other large bequests by Mr. Kennedy were: $2,250,000 to the Presbyterian board of foreign missions; an equal amount to home missions and church extension each. The total bequests to religious, educational and charitable work were twenty-five million dollars. Mr. Kennedy was a Scotch Presbyterian. A writer in the "Boston Transcript" says of him: "He was a lover of the old-fashioned religion and exemplified it, too, in his family and personal life. The fact is worth recording that to the last he kept up the custom of grace at table and of family prayers. In how many sumptuous homes in New York city to-day, whose owners very likely are pillars in the church and directors in religious and philanthropic organizations, will you find these fine old practices? To illustrate Mr. Kennedy's free-handed way in giving, a story is being passed around this week concerning his remark to President George Washburn of Robert College, Constantinople. Years ago on one of his frequent visits to America in the interests of his beloved institution Dr. Washburn called on Mr. Kennedy and solicited a subscription for a new building. The banker turned on him sharply saying, 'President Washburn, you've no business to spend your valuable time in America picking up a few dollars here and there for your work. You go right back to Constantinople, build your building and send me the bill.' "

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

By Chas. R. Brown.

"Rabbi, where dwellest thou? Jesus said unto them, Come and see."—John 1-38.

You are often asked, especially when you happen to be traveling, "Where do you live?" You name some town perhaps, Oakland, Chicago, Boston. You have not answered the man's question—that is to say you have only answered the outside of it. It may be that is all he wanted to know but he suggested a great deal more than that.

Where do you live as a matter of fact? Two men may live as far apart as the North Pole is from the South Pole. Two people may live on the same street or in the same house and yet have a continent between them. If each one would make full and frank answer to that question—"Where do you live?" What a world of information would be forthcoming.

You name a certain city—"Chicago." But what is Chicago? A place on the map; a collection of buildings and streets on the west shore of Lake Michigan. But that is not Chicago—that is where you will find Chicago. Chicago is a system of interests, a vast array of activities, bewildering complexity of human lives. A mass of longings, yearnings, aspirations, passions—this is what any city is.

There are a hundred thousand different Chicagos. Which one do you live in? When we look upon that mysterious and bewildering aggregation of interests and activities where shall we address you? You can see how this question—"Where dwellest thou?"—reaches down and takes hold of the roots of things.

It was so when the text was first uttered. John the Baptist saw a majestic figure coming down from Nazareth, taking the first steps in a service which has changed the moral face of the world. He said, as he saw that figure making its approach, "Behold the Lamb of God! He is taking away the sin of the world." Two of his disciples heard John speak and they followed Jesus. When they heard the accents of power which fell from his lips, when they saw in his face the glory of the Eternal, they wondered where his place was in the whirling complexity of forces. They said, I fancy almost in a whisper—"Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" It was the old question they were trying to locate and appraise this Man of Nazareth.

Where did he live? What sort of world did He inhabit? Emerson used to say that no man amounts to much as a thinker until he begins to wonder whether this is a real world after all or only our idea of it. It does not matter much. A man's idea or impression of the world is the only reality in the case to him. And there is a great variety of impressions made somehow upon men as to what the world really is.

You find this brought out in a recent popular novel, "A Certain Rich Man." Here is a man whose world is a steady stream of commodities, moving now in one direction now in another, always in such a way as to turn the wheels of his mill and grind him out a good grist of profits. He works in that world, eats in it, sleeps in it, dreams in it, lives in it, seven days in the week. His very soul is in that world of commodities.

Here is another man whose world is one of insights, discriminations, inferences, conclusions. He lives in a world of books, ideas, thoughts, outlooks. He knows ten times as much about Plato and Aristotle, who have been dead two thousand years as he does about Pierpont Morgan and Nelson Aldrich, who are very much alive. His world is a world of truth.

Here is another man who is full of cunning and hypocrisy, meannes and cruelty. He lives in such a world as Dante saw when he wrote "The Inferno." He is a devil himself and he thinks all men are devils, in varying degrees and in different modes. He says, "Get the outward dress of form and convention off of them and you will find they all have horns and hoofs. They are all devils only I am a little smarter as a devil than they are."

Here is another man whose head is in the clouds and whose heart is full of dreams and visions of better things. He lives in a world where everyone is kind and generous, free and brave, hopeful and helpful. He is all that and he thinks people generally are—and a great many of them are when he is around. He lives in a world of moral values. He sees the great and good God above all and through all and in it all.

These men meet occasionally for an hour in the church or at the football game or in some other assembly, and for a time seem to have a common interest. But they speedily separate and each one retires into his own world and goes sailing through space like the earth in its orbit. The great wide sky is a place of infinite spaces and there is room for the sun and the moon, for Jupiter and Venus, for Mars and Saturn and all the rest. The world of interests, activities, aspirations is also a spacious world, and there is room for every conceivable type of life one can

name. And so each man has a planet where he lives—he has a world all his own. "Where dwellest thou?"—it is a question of tremendous import!

But returning again to the original application of the text—Where did Christ live? Speaking after the manner of men, he was born in a stable. He was brought up in the home of a carpenter at Nazareth. When I was in Nazareth ten years ago they showed me the house. I do not know whether it was the same house or not, but the house he dwelt in was some such humble affair for his people were poor. When he entered upon his ministry, going about not to be served but to serve, there were months when he had not where to lay his head. He accepted hospitality when it was offered, sometimes by rich men like Zacheus, sometimes by people in comfortable circumstances like Mary and Martha, sometimes by those who were as poor as himself. When nothing better offered he slept in the open and ate the raw wheat which his disciples plucked in the fields. His life seemed to lack any adequate setting, any suitable local inhabitation.

But where did he live during that time? Where was the real world in which he was at home? I wish I might tell you, but I could not put it in words. He who spake as never man spake could not put it in words. When they asked him where he lived, where he might be addressed in the complexity of interests, activities, aspirations, he did not name some street or city. You remember what he said—"Rabbi, where dwellest thou? and Jesus said unto them, "Come and see." "Come and live in my world for a day, for an hour and you will know." It was the only way they could know.

He lived in a world where he could say at any time, "I am not alone, the Father is with me." He might be walking through a crowded street the people thronging him, or he might be alone at the mountain top—it mattered not. He had unbrokenly that sweet, exalted consciousness of the Father's companionship.

He lived in a world where he could say touching the gravest or the lightest interests—"I come not to do mine own will but the will of Him who sent me." He was not shaping his life by mood or impulse; he was building it finely into a far reaching divine plan—a plan that stretched from the hour when the morning stars sang together onward through the ages of moral struggle to that day when men shall stand by the sea of glass mingled with fire and behold the glorious consummation, the strength and joy and beauty of organized human life in the perfect city of God.

He lived in a world where he could say to every soul he met, high or low, upright or sinful, Mary, the saintly mother, or the Magdalen—"I am among you as one that serveth." It was the unbroken habit and spirit of his life. He took a towel and girded himself that night to wash the disciples' feet; he prepared himself for that particular service, but the spirit of service he never put on nor took off,—it was always there. It was as much a part of his world as the law of gravity.

What a world to live in—a sense of companionship with the Father, a sense of mission, as one who builds his life into a divine plan, the spirit of service, making it inevitable that He should help every life which came within His reach! And this is only a suggestion as to the world that Jesus lived in. This indicates perhaps the sun, the moon and one bright star in the sky where he dwelt. The whole expanse above him and the whole earth around him and beneath him were full of an unutterable glory, as he moved about and discovered the full meaning and beauty of human life. "Rabbi, where dwellest thou"—it would require all the angels of heaven singing at once and all the wise men on earth speaking at once, and every created thing become vocal and adding its share to the great reply to enable us to hear a full and competent answer to that inquiry. The world that Jesus lived in, whether he had a place to lay his head or not, was a world of surpassing glory.

And because it cannot be described in words, because Jesus Himself felt powerless to convey the full meaning of the place where he dwelt, He said to his questioners—"Come and see." It must be seen, felt, enjoyed, lived in, in order to be understood. I can repeat these words to you—any man could who had a mouth and knew English! "I am not alone, the Father is with me; I came not to do my own will but the will of Him that sent me; I am among you as one that serveth." But you will not know the meaning of them until you have climbed the mountains and descended into the valley, until you have eaten the ripe fruit from the trees and quaffed the water which flows out in streams clear as crystal in that world where Jesus lived. "Come and see"—it is the only way. Live in the mood and according to the method of Christ if you would know the place where He lived.

The Jews accused Jesus of treason, of trying to make himself a king. They did not know how to locate him. When they brought him before the Pilate, the Roman official asked, "Art thou a king?" Jesus replied, "You have said it." He was a king, every inch a king. He wore no crown,—he never felt the pressure of such a thing upon his brow until that day when they placed upon his head the crown of thorns in mockery. He was not born to the purple. He had none of the outward trappings of royalty, and Pilate not knowing where he lived could not understand why the Jews accused Jesus of making himself a king.

Then Jesus explained, "My kingdom is not of this world; if it were my servants would fight." It was a kingdom mightier than the Roman Empire which Pilate served—the empire has gone, but the kingdom of Christ is here and growing; it is an everlasting kingdom. It was a kingdom in the sway and rule of His spirit over the souls of men, a kingdom in which He was a king crowned, efficient, serviceable, but it was all in a world of realities to which Pilate was a stranger. The Roman official had never been in the world where Christ dwelt.

In this same vein Paul said when he was being examined, "I am a citizen of no mean city." Did he mean Tarsus? Yes, his Tarsus! There were as many cities of Tarsus as there are Chicago. There were thieves and harlots in Tarsus—Paul was not a citizen of their city. There were proud, cold, stiff, unGodly and unkindly men and women in Tarsus, hundreds of them—Paul was not a citizen of their city. It was his own city of Tarsus that was no mean city.

And thus he declared that his fundamental, his ultimate citizenship was in Heaven, in the world of moral purpose and spiritual ideals. And inasmuch as these are capable of being carried about and put into operation anywhere,

at Tarsus or Ephesus, at Athens or Corinth, at Jerusalem or Rome, this man Paul made his own city and carried it with him wherever he went. It is what a man sees, feels, hears and responds to in the great order which confronts him, that determines for him whether he will live in a mean or in a splendid city.

Was it Oliver Goldsmith who was so poor in the early years of his literary career that he could scarcely find bread to put in his mouth? He was taunted one day regarding his mean surroundings. "You live in a basement," some brute said to him. Instantly came the stinging retort—"Your soul lives in a basement." The body may be born in a manger, in its maturity may have nowhere to lay its head, may hang upon the cross and may sleep in a borrowed tomb! The body may issue forth out of Tarsus and endure all manner of buffetings, be beaten with rods and stoned with stones, receive its forty stripes and be enchained for years in a loathsome prison! The body may be too poor to afford anything better than a basement! But the soul of the man may stand forth like a king in his kingdom; like an honored citizen, whose citizenship is in the world of moral purposes and spiritual ideals; like a singer who out of his basement makes the whole world his debtor by the sweetness of his song. The great question is not what street you live on, or whether your house has two rooms in it or twenty or twice that number—the great question is, where do you as a child of the Eternal, made to wear his likeness and image, find yourself really at home!

It is possible in this matter of real dwelling places to move. In those other lower interests you may or may not be satisfied with your location, your house or your street, your city or the whole outward environment of your life. You may be dissatisfied, but it may not be possible for you to move,—you must make the best of it. But as to this genuine dwelling place we are all pilgrims and sojourners. You do not need to send for a furniture van—it can all be done right here without any noise or dust. If the world you live in is not wide enough, deep enough, high enough for the residence and proper growth of a soul, move out, move up.

I see people in my congregation who are cramped by the world they live in. They have the uncomfortable look of those who have had their feet doubled up under them until their limbs have gone to sleep. They cannot stand up straight for fear of bumping their heads,—the ceiling is too low in the world they live in, so they stoop. They cannot stretch out and show the real capacity they have for enlargement. The worlds they live in are narrower than New York flats, and there is no room for genuine expansion. Their aspirations are not high, their ideals are meager, and their purposes are not far-reaching. As a result they live in a mean city, on a narrow street, and in a meager, disappointing world.

If such a man would take his Bible and for ten minutes a day allow it to have its way with him; if he would only read it, the best of it, the vital portions of it, the parts which take us, as the Psalmist said, out into the open and set our feet in a large place, it would mean everything. It would lift such a man out of the meagerness and isolation of his spiritual outlook into the glorious fellowship of the apostles and into the companionship of the General Assembly of the first born of earth and sky.

If he would only try again to pray—I do not mean repeat pious words with his eyes shut, but pray—longing, yearning, reaching out, feeling after Him. If haply he might find Him anew in that sense of reinforcement and uplift which comes by a right adjustment of one's life to the Unseen! If he would only do that he would presently find that he had made a long journey, longer in every sense of the word than from San Francisco to New York or from Pekin to London. He would find that he had moved out and up into a world where the soul can live and do and grow.

It was one of the dreamers and reformers of those great years which led up to our civil war who said to a friend: "The world I live in is a world made up of the substance of things hoped for and it rests upon the evidence of things not seen." Such a world is good for any great soul to live in. Great souls thrive there. This was the world where John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison lived; it was the world of John Grenleaf Whittier and of Henry Ward Beecher; it was the world of William H. Seward and Abraham Lincoln. It was a world formed from the substance of things hoped for, resting airily but solidly on the evidence of things not seen,—and at last the whole nation was lifted up into that same great world.

It may be that you have many humdrum things to do every day,—most of us have. Even so, you can have a world of insights and aspirations where your inner life dwells and where you breathe the upper air. You too may live with the feeling of divine companionship, with a sense of mission, of having been sent upon an august errand, and you may cherish the spirit and habit of service. You may be drawn down and away by certain necessary pursuits from that more exalted residence, but once released your soul will rebound to the world where it belongs. And when this relation is steadily maintained you will increasingly carry the full flavor and atmosphere of that higher world into all those plain interests of ordinary existence. Thus you will learn to be at home always and everywhere in that kingdom of which there shall be no end.

THE FUTURE OF MISSIONARY WORK IN JAPAN.

By Dr. J. D. Davis, Kyoto.

(An address as the recent Jubilee Conference in Tokio.)

The results of the first fifty years of missionary work in Japan should give us great hopes for the future. Fifty years ago it was death to be a Christian. The bulletin board which everywhere proscribed Christianity and offered rewards to informers were only taken down thirty-six years ago. Thirty-seven years ago, next month, Ichikawa Yeinousuki died in prison in Kyoto for the crime of having in his possession and reading a pen-made copy of the Gospel of Mark in Japanese. The first church was organized only thirty-seven years ago. Prejudice and opposition lasted on into the middle of this fifty year period. It is only about ten years since missionaries could freely travel and reside in the interior.

How changed is the situation to-day? Fear and prejudice are gone. People are everywhere ready to hear. Leading men in government circles are favorable to Chris-

tianity. The Emperor himself has made munificent gifts to distinctively Christian institutions. The Bible is translated and hundreds of thousands of Bibles and portions are sold and circulated every year. A great mass of Christian literature is also circulated every year. Flourishing Young Men's Christian Associations are working in most of the higher schools of the empire. Lectures on Christianity are given in the universities. The little vanguard of missionaries which came fifty years ago, has become a battalion eight hundred strong.

There are nearly six hundred organized churches, of which more than one-fourth are self-supporting, including the pastor's salary. These churches have a membership of over seventy thousand and the church membership was increased last year by over ten per cent. There are nearly five hundred ordained Japanese workers and over six hundred unordained male workers, and over two hundred Bible women. Nearly 100,000 scholars are being taught in more than one thousand Sabbath Schools. Several of the larger churches have organized missionary societies which are extending the work in Japan, and some of them are supporting Evangelists in Formosa, Korea, Manchuria and China.

An independent, self-supporting, self-propagating church has been begun in Japan which is rapidly gaining in numbers and influence. The Protestant Christians gave for Christian work last year nearly 300,000 yen ($150,000). There are nearly four thousand students in Christian boarding schools. There are also nearly one hundred Christian kindergartens and other day schools where eight thousan students are being taught. About four hundred students are being trained in theological schools, and two hundred and fifty women are being taught in Women's Bible schools.

With such a foundation, with such a capital with which to start out on the second fifty years, what shall we say of the future? What is the outlook? What is our privilege? What is our duty? Who shall measure the ratio of the progress of the work in Japan during the next decade? It ought to be an ever accelerating geometrical progression. All the factors needed for such progress are in our hands or within our reach. We only need to link the infinite factor to them to speedily win a nation to Christ.

There are great incentives to press forward. Japan is powerfully influencing the Far East and all Asia. Her splendid success in constitutional government, in education, and in modern warfare has awakened old China, has stirred India, and is powerfully felt in Turkey and Persia. Who can measure the powerful influence which a Christian Japan would exert over all these nations?

But Japan is not yet evangelized. There remains yet very much land to be possessed. There are thirty or forty millions who have never heard of Christ, only in the most general way. There are three provinces without a missionary in them, and only a very few Japanese workers, and many other provinces are almost untouched. The large majority of the seventy thousand Protestant Christians are found in a few centers. Three fourths of the population of Japan are living in towns and villages of three thousand or less, and they are almost untouched by the gospel. The great majority of the Japanese churches are struggling toward self-support, and the few bands of self-supporting churches are striving to bring the weak churches to self-support. Very little is done at present, and there seems but little prospect that much can be done in the near future by the Japanese churches to carry the gospel to the thirty or forty millions who as yet have heard nothing. Both men and means are lacking. Under these circumstances, what should be the future of missionary work in Japan? There is still need of it, and there is still room for it.

In order that this work may be most effective, however, certain things need to be recognized and acted upon.

1. We should realize that we are not to be the leaders, organizers, or directors of the work. Our Japanese brethren must take that place in the future. Let us cordially recognize this and cordially plan and work together as equals, or even follow their lead. In touring, in opening new work, and in other ways, we shall find that their leading or cooperation will generally ensure a larger measure of success than we can gain when we take the initiative alone. Let us seek for our selves, and pray that the Japanese churches may receive such a baptism of the spirit and love of Christ and such a zeal for saving men and helping forward Christ's kingdom in Japan, that we shall forget the "naigwai" (foreign and Japanese), and plan and worke together as equal brothers in the one family of our common Lord!

2. Let us realize that "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few," and let us labor and pray that the Lord of the harvest may send forth more laborers into His harvest. There ought to be many more men in training for the Christian ministry. Every pastor and every missionary ought to be looking for and leading young men to give themselves to this work. There is need that thoroughly trained men, graduates of higher, middle schools and universities, should give themselves to this work and become leaders in the church.

There is need of and room for more foreign workers. If young men and young women, realizing the need and the great open door for service here, can come with such love and zeal and devotion that they will gladly acknowledge the Japanese as leaders in the work, and cordially work shoulder to shoulder with them, there is no limit to the work which such workers can find to do, and there is no human measure to its effectiveness. I know one young misionary who, among other useful labors, is teaching the Bible to large classes of teachers and students in government schools, and who has started six Sabbath-schools in as many villages in the immediate vicinity, each of which is a center of light. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of places in Japan where this work could be duplicated, were the men here to do it.

The Shiga Ken, the province of Omoi, about Lake Biwa, with its population of 800,000, and its fourteen hundred towns and villages, has no missionary in it and only six or eight Japanese workers. (Since this was prepared a missionary has entered one corner of this province.) Christianity entered Kyote thirty-four years ago, but it has only touched six or eight places on one edge of this province. There are students in many of these towns and villages who have heard something of Christianity while in government schools in Kyote and elsewhere, who would gladly welcome the Christian worker. Shall these multitudes in Japan wait another thirty or fifty years before they hear the gospel?

3. We need to realize the importance of united effort, a union that can be felt; not necessarily organic union, although let that come as fast and as far as possible, in the various groups of missions and churches; but let us have federated union which shall make clear to the world that

our denominational differences are like the clothes we wear, while our hearts beat in unison as brothers in one great family. Let us pray, and plan, and work together as brothers. We should do this in educational work, in publication work, and in the work of direct evangelization. Save in the large centers, the field ought to be divided so that there would be only one denomination working in a place. The aim should be to carry the gospel to the millions who are not now within its reach. In "Shuchu," or concentrated evangelistic work, it seems very desirable that there should be federation and cooperation. Such united effort on the part of all the Christians in a given locality will be far more impressive and powerful than similar effort put forth at different times by separate churches.

4. Let us unite in declaring our faith in the great vital, fundamental principles of Christianity. These principles are being denied or minimized n the West, and there is danger of it in Japan. If such a wave of negation sweeps over the church here, it may retard the coming of the Kingdom many decades of years. This is a time when every one should voice forth his convictions of the truth with no uncertain sound.

5. The most vital, the most fundamental need of all is a deep and all-pervading quickening by the Holy Spirit, which shall reach the hearts of all the workers and the rank and file of the churches. Without this the full evangelization of Japan may wait another fifty or one hundred years.

With such a wave, not an ephemeral one, but one lasting on through decades of years, Japan will be a Christian nation in the near future. Such an all-pervasive deepening of the spiritual life and love would unite all hearts and solve all difficulties. The "Naigwai" would be forgotten in zeal for the work. Union in education, in publication and in evangelistic work would be effected. A great company of consecrated workers would speedily be raised up and prepared for the work. The churches would speedily come to self-support. All the professed followers of Christ would **live** and **preach** the gospel. An abundance of money would be given to extend the work, and the church in Japan would move forward as one grand, victorious army, loyal to Christ, to truth, and to duty.

My fondest hope and my most earnest prayer is that this Jubilee year will see the beginning of such a deep spiritual wave as shall usher in a future of rapid and glorious victory.

THE MOST NORTHERLY CITY OF THE WORLD.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

The most northerly extremity of Norway consists of a high, bold, rocky headland, known as the North Cape, jutting out into the rough and stormy waters of the Northern Polar Sea. South and west of this extreme northern portion of the Continent of Europe, commences the long chain of the Loffoden Islands, these marking the loftiest portions of a submarine mountain range, which from the standpoint of physical geography, forms the real edge or terminus of the continent beyond which lies the great trough of the ocean, which though here comparatively shallow, runs up between Iceland and Norway from the almost immeasurable depths of the Atlantic to the southwest to the shallower waters of the Artic to the northeast. Some of these islands are comparatively large and support a large population, engaged in commerce and fishing. Here between two rocky islets, exists the famous Maelstrom, about which so many extravagant stories were told in the middle ages, some of which have found permanent places in our literature, to point a moral or adorn a tale. The Maelstrom is, in fact, nothing more than an enormous whirlpool, caused by the meeting of two opposite tidal waves. At the northern extremity of this submarine mountain chain, rise a few islands, which though from a physical standpoint belong to the Loffoden group, are not regarded geographically as belonging to them.

On one of the more northerly of this latter group, in 70 deg. 40 min, that is to say, over four degrees within the Northern Frigid Zone is situated Hammerfest. This is the most northerly city of the world. True there are a few hamlets which lie a little nearer the north pole than this, for instance Upernavik, upon the Island of Disco in Baffin's Bay in the north latitude 72 deg. 48 min., but they all are so insignificant as not to invalidate the statement made above.

So far north is this Norwegian city that in the period from May 15 to July 24 the sun is constantly above the horizon, and because of the long twilight in these regions the period is practically two weeks longer. During every day of this long continued sunshine, the sun to the eye appears to make a circuit around the heavens. At midnight it is directly north, and low down in the sky almost to the level of the ocean from which point as the hours advance it moves spirally upwards and to the east, which point it reaches substantially (we omit here absolute astronomical correctness which would only confuse the reader) at 6 o'clock a. m., then it moves to the south, reaching that point at noon, its highest point, then spirally moving down and westward, reaching the west point at 6 o'clock p. m., to move thence to its first position again at midnight. In fact beyond the Arctic Circle, the whole course of the sun in its circuit of the sky is seen, some portion of the year, while south of that line, the whole circuit cannot be seen.

Nothing can exceed the glory and beauty of the midnight sun, as his declining beams, transmitted athwart thousands of gigantic icebergs, are broken by myriads of ice-prisms into all the colors of the rainbow, while the northern horizon, fretted with fleecy clouds is lighted up with colors which change every minute as the sun descends to its lowest point, pauses there a moment and begins again his ascent of the heavens.

From July 24 to November 18 the sun rises and sets as in more southerly regions, but with very great difference in time from day to day. On July 24 the sun sets but a few minutes to rise again, but so rapid is the change that November 18 the sun rises only a few minutes in the south to set again, this time to remain beneath the southern horizon till January 27, though for a week or two, every day at noon, a glow or flush in the south, growing fainter and fainter with each passing day till it entirely fades out. This is the point whence the sun will come again on his reappearance. On this bleak November day, the inhabitants of Hammerfest are accustomed, if the weather is fair, to gather together in a convenient place and watch the departure of the fast sinking sun which had only been up a few minutes. With sad and heavy hearts they watch his descent until he is shut out amid the labyrinth of islands to the south, and all mourn as though each one was laying in the grave a dear one. But it is not a sorrow without hope, for over a hundred days later there will be a glorious resurrection.

And now commences the long, long night. 'Tis not, however, all dark and rayless. Oftentimes are the heavens

lighted up, from magnetic pole to zenith, with the splendors of the Aurora Borealis in all its gorgeous display of colors and perpetually changing forms; and the moon, too, regardless of any interference from the overwhelming sun, shines on, lighting up the whole sky with a brilliance and beauty unknown to the more southerly climes, while not infrequently numerous meteors, whose detonations are readily heard through the dense atmosphere, shoot athwart the sky. By these lights, re-enforced by the extraordinary brilliance of the circumpolar constellations, the pedestrian would not find it difficult to thread even the narrow streets of Hammerfest, yet everybody carries a lantern. The shops are almost continually lighted up. The desks of the school house are fitted for candles or lamps and each thus has its own light, beneath the glow of which, the diligent schoolboy studies his appointed task.

At length, New Year's day is ushered in, and again a faint flush is seen at noon in the southern sky. From day to day the flush grows brighter and remains longer—a sure harbinger of the returning sun. Fnally, the day of resurrection comes. Upon the same spot where the sun was seen to sink into the grave of the ocean, the people again gather. Between ten and eleven a. m. the flush appears, overspreads gradually the southern sky, tinting the clouds, slowly blotting out the stars. The twilight deepens into the light of dawn and everything becomes distinctly visible, and a few minutes before noon the sun creeps up till his reddish somewhat flattened disk emerges from the wealth of glittering clouds fairly above the southern horizon. Shout after shout from a thousand throats ring out the people's welcome to their friend, long lost but now found, long buried but now risen; but coy and shy indeed is the sun on that winter day, for he hardly deigns to do more than to show his ruddy countenance before he retires again to the depths of the ocean. His visits are now daily and more prolonged until at last again he rises for the long summer visit, without any intervening night.

It might be inferred because of its high latitude, Hammerfest must have a rigorous climate, but such inference in this case is altogether incorrect. The climate of the most northerly city of the world is remarkably mild and uniform. The mean winter temperature is 23 deg. Fahrenheit, 8 degrees higher than at Montreal, Canada, latitude 46 deg. The mean for the year is 43 deg., almost the annual mean of Portland, Maine. The cold of winter is never severe and some winters are too mild for more than a few weeks' skating. The summers are long and cool with considerable dampness. Good harvests of barley, oats and potatoes are annually garnered, but the air is too cool for the growth of wheat. The adjacent waters swarm with fish and fishing is one of the principal industries of the place, and this furnishes one objection to the place on the part of tourists, for if Naples is celebrated for its hundred odors, Hammerfest can boast of its thousand, but all here are fish, fishy; it pervades everything—the worshipper at the church is conscious of it, the purchaser at the counter and the tourist on the steamer approaching perceives it wafted from the shore. When the tourist at length has his olfactory nerves accustomed to the smell as the tobacco user becomes accustomed to his filthy, ill-smelling weed, and thus perceives it no longer, he will then find that Hammerfest after all presents a very neat appearance, and is by no means an undesirable place of residence.

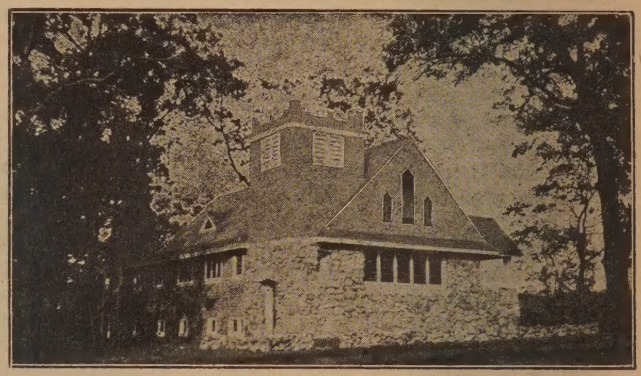
During the fishing season, the population is vastly increased by fisherwomen from the South, and even without these full five thousand live here.

The remarkable mildness of the climate of a city so near the pole is mainly owing to the direct influence of the Gulf-stream, which becomes the almoner of the superfluous heat of the Tropics and distributes it to what would otherwise be inhospitable, uninhabitable regions of Northern Europe.

DEDICATION OF CRAIG MEMORIAL CHURCH, PARADISE, CAL.

L. L. Wirt.

It is sometimes said that Congregationalism does not readily adapt itself to rural conditions, but he who will take the trouble to examine into the history of our country churches in New England, or the Northwest, will discover how little ground there is for this assertion. And here on the Pacific coast, Pilgrim polity has no happier exemplification than is given by scores of vigorous little churches



Craig Memorial Church.

back from the centers of population.

Our one mountain church in Butte County, like that at Porterville and many another which might be named illustrates the value of the Congregational faith and order to surmount difficulties, unite divergent elements and succeed where others have failed.

Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists have each in turn sought to cultivate this field, but nothing of a permanent character resulted until Emanuel Hoskins, then a farmer in the vicinity, called the attention of the Congregational Home Missionary Society to this field. A student from Pacific Theological Seminary, M. Wm. Wise, was immediately sent to Paradise. This was in the summer of 1888. Since that time the work has been carried steadily forward.

The first minister was Rev. Mr. Barbour, who is remembered as the "fighting parson",—affectionately by some, and at least with respect by others,—especially those who tried, unsuccessfully, to break up his meetings. An earnest young school teacher, Jesse Wood, whose name was a household word in the mountains twenty years ago, taught, sang and preached for a time after Mr. Barbour left: and then came the versatile Vernon. He began his work as a temperance lecturer, but finished as an evangelist. The saloon element was a factor to be reckoned with on Honey Run in the old staging days, and the opposition to religion open and bitter. The hall in which the meetings were held

was burned over Mr. Vernon's head. He continued his fight in the school house—and won out. Dr. Warren was sent for and a Congregational church organized. The first regular pastor was Rev. J. B. Ives, who was called in'89. The next year the Sunday School Missionary, in company with R. W. Newlands of the Seminary, a summer helper, visited the field, re-organized the sunday school and made Paradise the center of a Sunday school circuit reaching far up into the Sierras. As the result of Mr. Ives' first year's labor a comfortable church was built, and opened for service in June '91. This was one of Dr. Warren's last dedications and the first for the Sunday school man. Mr. Ives often refers to the years which followed as among the happiest of his ministry. If conditions were rough and new, people were hearty and hospitable, and the church thrived. How richly God blessed the meetings in which the Sunday School Missionary assisted him, and how happy the pastor when he welcomed fifteen new members to the growing church. At the end of four years Mr. Ives was called to Palermo, but after an experience with supplies for a year or two, the church insisted upon having their old pastor back again. Then ensued another period of four years of constructive work. Another interim, this time happily bridged by the services of Mr. Schofield, a Salvation Army officer was followed by the coming of Dr. Harwood. This veteran, seeking a field for his martial spirit, found it on this beautiful ridge overlooking the wide valley. He thought he wanted a quiet country parish where the demands would not be too insistent, but in reality he did not; that was merely a suggestion of "mortal mind." What he really wanted was more work and lots of it.

Life in a place where nature is at her best, where mountain apples, balsomed air and alpine sunsets turn the dial backward twenty years, wrought their inevitable result, and the doughty institution builder, at a time in life when most men are seeking retirement, put his hand to a twenty year task. Within a year the great need of northern California for a school of applied arts and sciences had focalized into vision, and vision into action. The mountaineers with their large families, many of whom are hungry for higher education, but utterly cut off from its attainment, responded to his call to the limit of their limited resources and the Sierra Polytechnic Institute came into being in time honored Congregational fashion that is, beside the church, and with the Christian ideal at its heart. After six years of dual services the needs of the school demanded his entire time, and Dr. Harwood gave up oversight of the church that he might the more helpfully sustain the new President, Mr. C. S. Compton, in the task of putting the school on a broad and permanent foundation. Rev. H. A. Shearer supplied the church during 1908.

In March of the present year, while the church was with out a pastor, the building was burned to the ground. A visit from Superintendent Rathbone resulted in an invitation to Rev. L. W. Winslow. The call was accepted on condition that a new edifice be erected at once, not on the old site, but upon a commanding corner generously donated by the Paradise Realty Co. near the new railway station. The conditions were congenial. Sending for Rev. Francis W. Reid, our Sir Christopher Wren, to design and superintend its construction, the church was commenced. Under the bequest of Sophia T. Craig of Sonoma $1000 was placed at the disposal of the building committee. $500 was received in insurance on the old building, and the members of the church and congregation subscribed another $1000. $2500 was to be the cost of the new building, but delays in receiving lumber, together with some desirable alterations in the plans, brought the cost to nearly $4000. The day of dedication broke in beauty and crispness unknown to the lowlander,—unless escaped. The mingled odor of apple harvests autumn leaves and spruce bows filled the air. The yellow stubble reaching from Cherokee to the Marysville Butes stretched away at our feet like an amber sea; beyond, the tops of the Coast Range and behind the High Sierras, were white with snow; and there in the midst of it all was the handsomest little church in California. I know this is a broad statement, but the real estate men of Paradise are prepared to pay the return fare of anyone who disputes it. The rare, green, serpentine stone work meets the shingles of the facade 15 feet from the ground. The square tower lends dignity to the well proportioned frame, and ends in a skyline pleasing to the eye. A great oak tree guards the main entrance. Within, the design and finish are no less of a surprise than a delight. The paneling of walls and vaulted roof is in selected pine, stained in soft shades of brown and green, which brings out the beauties of the natural graining of the wood. The trussed beams over-head, and the heavy square pillars which divide the church into aisles and nave, together with the stained glass windows give the effect of a diminutive cathedral upon entering. Two-thirds of the pulpit platform lies within the apse, which is lighted by memorial windows. A door from the pulpit to the pastor's vestry. Folding doors at the opposite end of the church open upon a pleasant room, useful for many purposes, which may also be added to the auditorium when required. Over this is the gallery, considerably increasing the seating capacity of the church. Kitchen, tower room and basement ready to receive a hot water furnace, complete this very complete little church. The seating capacity is about three hundred.

To be again present and at a second dedication, although nearly twenty years had intervened, was to loose a flood of happy memories. But it was not dear old Dr. Warren that stood up to conduct this opening service, to which the friends had gathered from far and near; Yet I could read his cheery optimism in every shingle and see in the sacred bread the "return" of his "casting"—"after many days"; albeit a man of like faith and vision stood there. The inheritance was in good hands. $1000 was wanted before the building could be offered to God unencumbered...Most of the people before him had already given generously, some of them as much as they ought to give, and it seemed to those on the platform as though the requirement was out of all proportion to the ability of those present to meet it. If there was doubt in Mr. Rathbone's heart he did not show it as he held up his blackboard marked off into seductive squares. The light of confidence was in his face. Within fifteen minutes the whole amount had been subscribed, and the people were lifting reverent hearts and thankful voices to God as they laid their title in fee simple upon the altar. How was it done? By all doing their best; and when that was done and $500 still remained unprovided for, by one man drawing his check for the balance, although it meant for him the larger part of his salary for a year.

The inscriptions on the memorial windows tell a story of love and sacrifice, which comment would spoil. They read as follows:—

"Presented by Francis W. Reid, designer and builder of this church in memory of his mother."

"Presented by friends in honor of Rev. J. B. Ives and Mrs. Ives, beloved pastor and wife, 1889-94."

"Presented by a friend in honor of Rev. L. W. Winslow, pastor during the erection of this church."

"In loving memory of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kimball, Nashua, N. H."

The one word "Harwood" across a triple window needs no amplification.

"In grateful memory of Sophia T. Craig of Sonoma, California, whose bequest of $1000 helped build this church."

"Presented by Palo Alto Christian Endeavor Society.

"Presented by Francis W. Reid in honor of
J. H. Warren, J. H. Harrison and L. D. Rathbone.—
California "Home Missionary Superintendents."

To the present pastor, Rev. L. W. Winslow, and the architect Rev. F. W. Reid, the denomination, as well as the people of Paradise, owe a debt of gratitude which they will not be slow to acknowledge.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Avalon.—From persons united with the church at the recent communion service, three on confession. Since June 1st there have been seventeen accessions, eleven of the number on confession.

La Canada.—The initial meeting of the recently organized Woman's Missionary Society was held Tuesday afternoon, November 6, with 33 ladies present. Dr. Leila Doolittle Berkin, a cousin of the pastor's wife from Kuling, China, gave an address on her work in China during the past ten years as a medical missionary.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—The Mayflower Congregational Church of San Francisco gave a typical New England supper on Thursday evening, November 18th from 6 to 8 o'clock. The members of the Ladies' Aid, under whose auspices the supper was held, served in old New England costume. The church was tastily decorated and about 100 were served.

Long Beach, Plymouth.—The attendance at all services is steadily increasing, the prayer meeting attendance now averaging over 60. A course of weekly lectures by the pastor on Religious Psychology has been followed with much interest by the Sunday-school teachers. The lectures by the pastor on the Bible given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A and Y. W. C. A., have awakened much interest among all classes and have filled the Y. M. C. A. hall to its utmost capacity each evening.

Pasadena, First.—The coming of the pastor-elect, Dr. D. F. Fox, of Chicago, is eagerly anticipated by the church. Dr. Fox expects to enter upon his work December 5. After a clear and earnest presentation of the Apportionment Plan by Rev. C. P. Dorland, November 7, the church voted unanimously to accept the plan. A "Postcard Social" was given recently by the Sunday School, and a most unique and delightful entertainment it proved. Before the summer vacation, members had been asked to sent postcards, describing their various vacation trips. At the social, these pictures were thrown upon a screen by a postcard projector, and brief talks were given by many of the senders. Ice cream and cake were served at the close. The Church Aid Society voted at the beginning of the year to try the method of raising their money by personal pledges this year, instead of by the usual autumn bazar. The pledges were brought in last week, at a pleasant afternoon "Thimble Meeting," and the result was most satisfactory to all.

San Jose.—The annual meeting of our church was held November 2nd, and was an occasion of happy reunion and of gratitude for blessings past and present. There was a large attendance at the afternoon session, where encouraging reports from all departments were presented, and all necessary business transacted. The treasurer reported all bills paid. The Parish House Committee reported the Parish House completed and occupied, with the result of immediate work shaping to larger things. The report of the Kingdom Extension Society showed a larger benevolence than in preceding years, even with the heavier tax in the building of the Parish House. The Intermediate Endeavor Society has become one of the most encouraging departments if the church. The boys and girls show much interest in missionary work, and have recently secured permanently the county banner as a token of successive leadership in large and regular attendance and effort. At six o'clock all gathered about the supper tables, two hundred and fifty sitting down to the bountiful supper provided by the ladies. Dr. Geo. C. Adams and Mrs. Adams were the honored guests; and following the supper, and a few toasts by the pastor and others, Dr. Adams made the address of the evening, doing us all good by his kindly, wise and helpful message.

OREGON.

The Dalles.—For nine successive Sunday evenings Rev. D. V. Poling has addressed full houses at the Congregational church on municipal topics. The saloons, and houses of prostitution run in connection with them, have been the chief points of attack. The appeals have been made solely to arouse public opinion against the illegal aspects of these evils. No-license and the entire abolition of the social evil has not been sought. The pastor has been very frank in saying that personally he favors a very restricted license, and the segregation of the prostitutes. The results of his work are apt to be more far reaching and radical than at first contemplated. The meetings have been attended by some of the city council and the mayor, and the moral effect in strengthening their hands is very marked. While Mr. Poling disavows being a reformer and is making no prosecution, yet he has been forced, in self defense, to produce evidence of his assertions that many of the saloons were selling liquor to boys of 16 and 17 years of age. The challenge came from the chief of police, who declared to the city council that he had never seen a boy enter a saloon during his administration, and did not believe that Mr. Poling had any evidence. This official was advised to "resign or get a new pair of glasses," and inside of a week thirteen boys came voluntarily to Mr. Poling and confessed to buying liquor, and made affidavits of time and place of buying, such being the love the boys have

for Mr. Poling who has always been their friend, as they expressed it, they wanted to see fair play, and did not want to see Mr. Poling defeated in this fight. Several other boys are expected to voluntarily testify . It has been a revelation as to the extent this evil has grown in our midst, not exempting the high school scholars. As the city council has pledged itself to revoke the licenses of all saloon keepers convicted of selling liquor to minors, it is expected that at their meeting this week fully half of the twenty-eight saloons in town will be put out of commission. The work will not stop there. Next Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Poling will speak from the Opera House, and seek to unite all good citizens in a campaign for a clean town.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NOTES.

W. N. Burr.

"The Southern California Congregational Conference invites pastors, delegates, women's societies, and interested friends to meet in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles on Tuesday, November 16, 1909." The above invitation, heading a program for the day, was sent out to all our Southern California churches about a week previous to the date mentioned, and when the day came a goodly number of the churches were represented at the meeting. The next thing in Congregationalism down this way is **Congregationalism,** and this meeting seems to have been called to stir up Congregationalists to a sense of the fact that we have a work to do in this world, and a magnificent galaxy of benevolent societies of our own through which to do it, and also that "other objects" have a right to Congregational support, but a **secondary** right. It was, in short, a day with the Apportionment Plan that we had at the First Church last Tuesday.

Dr. William Horace Day made the opening address. He spoke on "The Object of the Apportionment Plan," which he defined as "the systematizing and spiritualizing of our giving, or the centralizing and religionizing of our benevolences. Many people give large sums of money from a purely self-centered motive. The Deuteronomic principle undoubtedly reveals the Divine plan—that all gifts be brought to and sent through the temple, that giving may revert to the glory of the church and the Kingdom, not to the giver; thus would all modern Philistines who speak derisively of much of our present-day 'giving' be forced to rise and take notice that there is such a thing as the spirit of pure benevolence, unstrained by any ulterior motive."

Mrs. J. H. Williams, president of the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P., spoke on "Why the Need of a Woman's Board?" and woman's part in missionary effort was the topic of discussion, largely, through the remainder of the forenoon session. Mrs. Cherington, Mrs. Miles, and Mrs. Jewett, from "the North" were introduced, and brought earnest and helpful messages. "The South" will not soon forget Mrs. Miles' word of uplift: "Woman's work—to try to keep her family at the highest point of effectiveness, and that means that each must be helped to feel that he is here to have part, and the longest possible part, in the world's work." Mrs. Warren F. Day spoke of the fine results of Mission Band work, illustrating her point by mentioning Miss Shattuck's Mission Band in Colorado Springs some years ago, one member of which is now a leading officer in the Southern Branch. Dr. Jean F. Loba remarked: "If the work of the women on the foreign field should cease, the work of the American Board would be sadly crippled," and quoted a thoughtful native of a non-Christian land as having said: "If you want to reach us, you must reach our women and our homes"—and only the women missionaries can do that. Mrs. Lily Manker Allen made a plea for the training of the children along the line of information and benevolence. Rev. B. F. Boller looks for "the salvation of our men" as one result of woman's work for missions. Paul Brown pled for a closer supervision of Junior Christian Endeavor work by the women of the Missionary Societies, remarking that in **Junior** societies our churches are rather weak. Mrs. Haynes explained the plan for systematic benevolences by women as attempted in Lon Angeles First Church; and the discussion drifted into questions and answers concerning "special appeals" in churches that accept the Apportionment Plan. "Appeals for special work must be kept up," said Pastor-at-large Maile. "We shall emphasize the work of each Society through special appeals more than ever," said Superintendent of Benevolences Dorland. And then came forth all sorts of problems that are throbbing in the minds of the pastors as they face the new order of things under "the Plan." For instance: "Suppose a church should give more than its apportionment?" "Suppose some one Society should receive more than it asks for?" "Suppose," etc., etc. Evidently "the Plan" is yet only in the gristle, but we are expecting it to work out all right, or pave the way to something better.

For clearness and conciseness Mrs. E. C. Norton's blackboard picture of "the Plan" was a delight. It was a strong appeal for loyalty to our own benevolent societies, with many kind, generous words for "other objects." The Apportionment Plan, faithfully worked, is likely to raise up more givers, and so, of course, an increase in benevolences.

At the afternoon session Supt. H. H. Wikoff, of the C. C. B. S., was invited to speak of the needs of that Society; and later the following resolution was presented and adopted:

"Resolved, That we heartily favor the movement to clear our Congregational Church Building Society of present arrearages, and would suggest that a National Campaign shall be instituted which shall put this Society upon such solid financial basis that it can adequately meet the increasing demands from the churches."

Pastor-at-large Maile reported a recent trip through the Imperial Valley that had in it enough of incident and excitement to furnish an ordinary newspaper writer with material for more than one "story." But he had to close his story with the depressing remark that "while new fields are calling to us to come and open them to the work of the Kingdom, we cannot take hold of anymore new work, for lack of funds."

An interesting feature of this meeting was a discussion of the Apportionment Plan as it is now being worked in the churches of the Conference.

A committee was apopinted to present a resolution to the officers of the State Brotherhood, expressing a desire to inaugurate a layman's misionary movement among our Congregational men.

It was a fine "get together" gathering, affording an opporunity for the workers of our churches to touch the minds of fellow workers concerning plans and problems

that just now confront us. The churches will catch a new sense of obligation and opportunity, and whether or not the Apportionment Plan is to bring forth all the good results so fondly expected by its champions, such a day of thoughtful discussion cannot help but bring an uplift to our churches all along the line.

La Canada, Cal., November 18, 1909.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday there will be a union meeting of the ministers of the different denominations of San Francisco and vicinity in the Presbyterian Mission House on Sacramento street between Powell and Stockton. Jews and Catholics as well as Protestants will be in attendance, and addresses will be made by Bishop Nichols, Rabbi Nieto and others.

The Green Street Congregational Church of San Francisco dedicated its new building last Sunday free from debt, the dedicatory sermon being preached by Superintendent Rathbone to a large congregation. About forty thousand dollars have gone into the construction of this building, and it was secured largely by the personal solicitation of Mr. and Mrs. Walz whose devotion to the work in that field gave their appeal strength wherever it was known. They are to be congratulated in that success has thus crowned their efforts, and that with a building adapted to the needs of the work it can now be prosecuted more successfully than before the disaster of April, 1906.

JOTTINGS.

Notable Days at Fresno.

They were Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 15th, 16th and 17th. Monday was notable because of the re-dedication of our Japanese Congregational church. The building had been nearly consumed in a Fourth of July fire which caught in a building close by. It was insured in the Royal Insurance Company through my good friends the Noble Bros. of Fresno. I cannot refrain from expressing my grateful admiration of the promptitude and the generosity with which our loss was made up to us—no quibbling, no hesitancy, no talk of rebates, but as soon as the amount of the loss could be ascertained through a contract for rebuilding, it was paid in full. I know of some other companies that would have done the same thing, as I learned by experience after our great calamity in San Francisco. Nothing could have been more cordial or more complete than the behaviour to us at that time of the London, Liverpoor and Globe, and the Hartford companies. This was my first experience with the Royal.

But our Japanese brethren were not content to have the building restored. They wished it enlarged and improved. For this purpose they have raised nearly $1000, and have not only a larger building, but one churchly in appearance, with a bell-tower and a bell in it, and all the conveniences in it, necessary for church work. Except for a brief address by Rev. Benjamin Gould, the pastor of the mother church, and an anthem by its choir, and a few words from myself, the exercises were wholly in Japanese—the sermon being by Rev. S. Okubo of our Oakland church.

Between two and three years ago God sent to Fresno an earnest young Japanese Christian, Mr. Fukanaga. Before that time Chinese and Japanese were gathered together in comparatively small numbers in our Chinese Mission House . Not long after he came, he aske on behalf of the two or three Christian Japanese in the place, that they might have a separate mission and mission house. I took what I accounted a kind and rather shrewd way of responding and said: "If you will buy the lot I will ask our Directors to put $2500 into the building." The lot would cost $500—and I had not the least expectation that the condition would be furfilled. I think that it was in less than three weeks that I received word that the money had been raised and the lot purchased. I was fairly trapped and had to go before our Directors and confess it and ask that my promise might be fulfilled. They kindly consented, and plans were drawn and accepted;; but when bids came in, it was found that the biulding as planned would cost $3000. I protested that I was not authorized to expend more than $2500, and the building would have to be reduced in size so as to come within $2500. But the next morning Mr. Fukunaga came to me to say that the brethren did not wish any reduction and would raise the extra $500 among themselves. And so the building was erected and on the evening following its dedication the Japanese Branch of the Congregational Church in Fresno was constituted and cordially recognized by the mother church. The next year an adjoining lot was bought for the same sum—$500—raised and paid by the Japanese.

The Branch church consisted at the outset of two persons already church members, and eleven who were on that evening baptized and received on confession. Mr. Fukunaga was recognized as its pastor, and not long after was ordained by a council of which the great evangelist, Dr. Torrey, was the moderator. And it was not long after this that they asked that they might have the privilege of managing their own affairs and paying their own bills. This they have done unfalteringly ever since, aided in it by the rent of rooms in the mission house. Two were added to the church at the dedication service, one by baptism, and the total membership is now 48. I doubt whether any other church in Fresno is a greater power for good than this one.

The church was packed at the dedication service; it was a much smaller company that gathered on Tuesday and Wednesday, but the meetings on those days were more significant and far reaching in their possible results. It was a convention of the Japanese Congregational churches and missions with reference to creating some sort of organization which would bring these bodies into closer fellowship and more effective cooperation. Scarcely half of our missions and churches were represented. The notice was too short. Nevertheless the work was done. Bro. Fukunaga was the moderator. I expected to be of service in getting them into orderly operation according to our Congregational usages. But while I waited watching them talk in Japanese and wondering when the time would come for me to give my guidance, lo, behold! they had done the whole thing in good shape, and this was what they had been talking about while I sat waiting. I was able, however to help in the production of a Constitution which provided for a moderator who holds office for a full year and till his successor has been chosen, and a standing committee appointed to prosecute the purposes of the convention during the interval between the annual meetings.

These purposts include: first, **practical cooperation** with our California Oriental Mission in its work among their countrymen, its committee becoming advisory in the employment of missionaries, the opening of missions and the general conduct of the work; and, in this it will be of great service to us; secondly, evangelistic services in which these churches will help each other without financial assistance from our treasury; third, improved fellowship with the Kumai churches in Japan with reference to bearing a hand in the evangelization of their native land. Much time was given to worship and spiritual communion, with a sermon on each evening and prayer meetings at intervals in each day.

The next meeting will be held with our Japanese church in Oakland; and we may expect that with ample time to prepare for it and a committee whose business it is to do this, its two days will be packed full of instructive papers and practical work. Meanwhile it will be of good service all the year through for there are men in it of whom we need not be ashamed,—for whom, indeed, all the hours of my stay among them, I was grateful to God. W. C. P.

REVIVAL IN COTTONWOOD.

J. L. Morain.

Rev. B. Dent Naylor of Hayward, Cal., came to us November 2, and began a series of revival services. The series continued until the 12th. Good success attended the efforts to the utter surprise of not a few. Great credit is due the Rev. Mr. Naylor for the excellent work he did here. The people greatly appreciated his vim and courage and were very sorry that he had to leave so soon. His sojourn here has left another flower on memory's wall not soon to wither and fade away.

Mr. Naylor is an exceedingly tactful worker. He well understands how "to live, move, and be" among a cosmopolitan folk. He thoroughly believes that to accomplish the greatest results in this 20th century the head must be level as well as the heart pure. He constantly kept before the people the only one thing to give up to be a Christian—that is **sin.**

Today the church rejoices that the series of meetings were held. They are already anticipating another good rousing time next year. The services were quite generally attended with the exception of two or three nights of inclement weather.

Some of the results that can be expressed in figures are: 7 united with the church, 9 conversions, 4 baptisms. Of those who united with the church, 5 were on confession of faith, 2 by letter. Six of the conversions were adults; three of those baptized were adults. Inestimable good was done between times in calling and presenting the one great question to the individual in the home or at place of business. It is hoped that others will soon unite with the church and that more conversions will follow.

The Conference of Northern California is to be congratulated in that they have such a happy plan of holding revivals. I feel that it is the most feasible plan possible.

MEETING OF HE UPPER BAY ASSOCIATION.

The uuper Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers was called to order Monday morning, Nov. 15, 1909, in the church at Crockett, by the moderator, Rev. Seneca Jones of Suisun. H. V. Hartshorn was appointed scribe. All the eleven churches and congregations of the association were represented, save Antioch, Bethany and Byron. There was a ministerial attendance of eight, with four visitors.

The reports of the churches were on the whole cheering, though this whole association has to face the problem of a dwindling Protestant population. There are, however, encouraging features to offset this factor. Bay Point reports a new church building now in process of erection, and the congregation nearly ready to be organized into a church. The two churches of Crockett, Congregational and Presbyterian, have now united in the support of one minister, Rev. A. W. Pulcifer. Martinez reports the largest number of additions, having recently received eleven new members.

The program was unusually helpful, addresses being given by a number of strong speakers not often heard in this association. Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, spoke very interestingly on his methods of church work. Mrs. Todd, late of the Baptist Mission in South China, spoke on her work there, and of the appeal of China to America. Her address had been widely advertised, and was attended by a large number of school children. Tuesday morning Prof. Rugh, of the University and Seminary, gave a very virile and impressive address on the Sunday school. In addition to these special speakers three of our Secretaries, Messrs. L. D. Rathbone, M. B. Fisher and H. M. Tenney spoke on the work of the societies they represent. The sermon was preached by Rev. Edmund Owens of Martinez, and the Lord's supper was conducted by Messrs. B. St. John of Bencia and Wm. H. Scudder of Rio Vista, assisted by Deacon David Edwards of the Congregational, and Elder J. P. S. Vind of the Presbyterian church, of Crockett.

Tuesday morning the Association adjourned, to meet in its next session at Oakley. H. V. H.

WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will hold the quarterly meeting on Wednesday, December 1st, at the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, corner Dana St. and Durant Ave. Sessions as 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

THE BEST BELOVED.

Oft I wonder, as the evening
Draws its curtain o'er the west,
Which sweet child to me is dearest,
Which one do I love the best?

But when death and danger threaten;
By my mother heart confessed,
Shines the truth—the one in trouble
Is the one I love the best.

So, maybe, the Heavenly Father,
Watching from His home above,
Feels that those in deepest sorrow
Are the ones He most does love.

THE STRATAGEM.

Four small boys, wearing the tartan of the Appin Stewarts, came down the road from Shonbeg, towards the parish church of Loch Nevin, in the cold glitter of a frosty December morning. Their faces were ruddy with the keen air, their eyes alert and bright; yet they seemed to bear themselves with a certain demureness, as if a cloud rested on their spirits. Three walked hand-in-hand, the other, easily the eldest, by reason of his height and sturdiness, held aloof, taking no part in his brothers' talk, though he missed no word of it. They were going to church, under protest, because it was an exercise to which they had not been accustomed in the place of their former habitation, a remote station in Upper Burmah.

A sad chain of circumstances had orphaned these gallant boys, who were now actually without a home, though they had been received on sufferance into the house of their Aunt Ailsa, otherwise Mrs. Shonberg Graeme, who was walking at some little distance behind with her husband. She was a very elegant figure of a woman, moving with the easy grace of the Highlander, her well-bred face bearing the healthy Northern tan, while her eyes were clear and blue as the depths of Loch Nevin.

"What o'clock is it, Shon?" she asked a little nervously. "Is that the bell I hear?"

"Not our bell, it is only half-past eleven, my dear," replied Shonbeg, with a somewhat rueful glance. "Will you really hold out, Ailsa, and put them in the Nevin pew?"

"That I will, Shon," she answered, with a rebellious upward curve of her lips. "Don't you see it's the only way? My father will never look near us—if he sees the bairns in our pew he will turn his head the other way. He has got to see them; they belong to Glen Nevin, and there they must go."

"All of them, Ailsa?" asked Shonbeg, and his honest eyes had a deliberate yearning in them.

"For a while, all of them, Shon; but please God, we'll steal the little one by-and-by, and he shall be Colin Stewart Shonbeg Graeme."

"Right O'" said the laird, and his boyish looks reasserted themselves. "I could keep them all, Ailsa, with the best heart in the world."

"Don't I know it, dear boy? But we're as poor as church mice, and if we get even one it will take us all our time to feed and clothe him. Look at Hamish, how he sets out his feet and holds up his head. There will have to be a big tussle between his grandfather and him, then they'll settle down. I won't hear much of the good Mr. Allan's sermon this day, Shon, so he can be as dry or as argumentative as he likes."

It may be said here that the four lads were the grandchildren of old Nevin Stewart, of Glen Nevin, but that he had repudiated them because their mother had been a person of lowly and impossible birth, and no fit mate for a Nevin Stewart. And when the lads had arrived at Glen Nevin in the cold of a winter's night he had refused to let them into the house, but had sent down his orders that they were to be driven across the hill to Mrs. Graeme at Shonbeg, where they had remained for the space of five days. During these days Mrs Graeme had made two pilgrimages to Glen Nevin to plead for the lads, but without avail. The first time her father would not see her, the second he told her that the subject of the lads must be barred betwixt them, until such time as he had made up his mind concerning them. Meanwhile he would allow her two pounds per week for their keep. But this Ailsa, with a flash in her eye, had refused, saying that Shon would not touch a penny of it. Then she had gone home to hatch a plot which was to come into fruition on the Sabbath Day.

The Kirk of Nevin stood very bonnily by the Lochside, its squat, square tower a landmark for a good many miles. It was a hoary old building, with some ivy of a century's travelling up the south gable towards the tower; its burying ground was decently kept, the grass about the square headstones regularly mown throughout the growing months of the year. Now the hoar frost glittered on the short blades—not even dispelled by the full beam of the sun. There were very few folks foregathered yet, though straggles could be seen upon the road. It was too cold for much lingering traffic among the headstones, and Angus McBean, the beadle had had a bad morning with the stove, which, in spite of the clear air, had smoked villainously. It was roaring finely in straightening of his dour mouth. "I hae seen the callant. the chimney now, and the air of the place was warm, though tinged with the mingled scent of mildew and of peatreek.

He was struggling into his tight broadcloth coat in the vestry when he was routed out by Mrs. Shonberg Graeme.

"Listen, Angus, I am to put my brother's bairns into the Glen Nevin pew. Not a word to my father, if you should see him outside or before he goes into the kirk. It is important that he should not know they are there until he gets in, for fear he might go away home without stopping for the service."

Mrs. Graeme nodded her head and hastily withdrew to her own pew, from which she could obtain an admirable view of the nave, wherein was situated the big, wide, square seat of the Nevin Stewarts of Glen Nevin. There sat the four lads, their bright heads and their sweet, open faces making a spot of light in a dark place.

"Oh, Shon!" said Mrs. Graeme, with a little passionate break in her voice, "look at Colin's face; he looks like an angel. God grant he may carry an angel's message to the old man's heart!"

It indeed seemed as if some strange mystery of wistfulness held the child's soul in thrall. He sat very still, with his small, eager hands folded above his kilted knee, and an uplifted look of wonder on his beautiful face. Slowly the kirk filled, and surely every eye went straight as a die to the Glen Nevin pew, where the lads sat, all unconscious of the stir their presence was making in the place. Among the last came old Nevin Stewart himself, the iron nails of his heavy shoes making a clatter on the grating like the clang of a sword. Alisa gave a start, and her hand convulsively grasped that of her husband, who held it close. Down the long aisle and across the little one came the old man, and so to the open door of his accustomed place. And there he stopped short, and gave a small, angry snort, which Ailsa in her pew distinctly heard. The lads looked up at him with a fearless unconcern, though the face of the eldest seemed to be set as if in indomitable purpose. For a momenti Ailsa thought some scene must occur, but old Nevin Stewart seemed to think better of it, and entering his pew, sat himself down in the corner furthest from the children and shut the door with a kind of vicious snap. Immediately thereafter the service began.

A little comedy that had a touch of tragedy in it was played that day in the Glen Nevin pew, but only those within its boundaries could witness it. One thing Ailsa could and did see during the singing of the first hymn, and,

indeed, throughout the entire service, how persistently Hamish turned his head away from his grandfather, not so much as suffering his eyes to alight upon his grim face. It would have been hard to tell, indeed, which was the grimmer, for the dour, fierce temper of his father's people was in the lad, and his heart was slow to forgive an injury. What Ailsa did not see, though she heard of it long after, was the sweet sidling of the little Colin, the bairn with the cherub's face, towards his grandfather, after one long questioning look. He crept nearer and nearer, stole his warm hand into a very cold, unwilling one, and finally overcome by the drowsiness of the long sermon, laid his head down on the old man's knee with the little nestling gesture of one that has never been repulsed, and so slept. The pure gold of his hair, heritage of his frail English mother, strayed upon Nevin Stewart's knee, and was finally imprisoned in a trembling, but very tender hand. At the last psalm he did not rise lest he should disturb the bairn, and a homely mother, near enough to see, wiped away a sympathetic tear.

At the close of the service Nevin Stewart held open the door and signalled to the lads to pass out, which they did, Hamish first, with his dour, proud head in the air, then the two middle ones, indifferent and relieved, then the little one reluctant, wholly refusing to let go his hold of the old man's hand. There was nothing of the Stewarts about him, except his kilt and his name; his face was his mother's face, his ways touched with the tender guile that had stolen his father's heart. At the kirkyard gate, where the big drag, drawn by the champing, bony roans from Glen Nevin, was waiting for the Laird, stood Ailsa with the boys about her.

"Come, Auntie," said Hamish, "can't we go home? I don't want to speak to my grandfather."

"We must wait for Colin, darling. Here he is."

She did not know whether to laugh or cry at the sight of the tiny figure by the big, uncouth one of old Nevin Stewart; she certainly held her breath.

"You have played a trick on me, my woman," said her father grimly. "But this is not the time nor the place to thresh it out. Get in, all of you, and let's get back to Glen Nevin to our dinner."

They all climbed in but Hamish, who stood resolutely back.

"Up, lad," said his grandfather brusquely, and none knew the secret pride of his heart at the stiff attitude of the lad. "Up! Do ye not see ye keep us waiting?"

"I will not go," came back the answer clearly. "I can find my way back to Shonbeg by myself."

"Get up!" repeated the old man; but the answer from the lad was only another backward step. "Why will ye not do as ye are bid, ye ill-kinder loon?"

"Because I hate you. You were cruel to my father and mother, and you hate us. When I am a man I will kill you, and take them all away."

Ailsa grew very white, but the old man merely chuckled.

"Ye can't afford to hate me, my man. I'm your bread and butter, hark ye, and besides, ye belong to Glen Nevin. It's yours' an' I shall soon be done with it. Get up!

The lad once more, and as if finally, shook his head. Then old Nevan Stewart strode towards him and gripped him by the shoulder.

"Listen, lad, your father broke my heart, your mother I never saw; but since she has mothered **you**, I take off my bonnet to her, and ask her pardon and yours. Now, ye loon, will ye get up?

He took his broad bonnet from his head and leaned towards the boy, and for a brief moment there was a struggle. Then a small, clenched, unwilling hand went out, while the other touched his bonnet.

Aunt Ailsa burst into tears.

Presently the champing roans breasted forward, and the sun shone out gloriously behind a bank of ominous cloud.

Little Colin, in a rapture of contentment, sat upon his grandfather's knee, with the gold of his hair against the old man's breast.--David Lyall, in British Weekly.

Francis of Sales, enumerating some causes of thanksgiving in the quaint language of the seventeenth century, uses these very suggestive words:

Consider the bodily gifts which God has given you; what a body, what conveniences to maintain it, what health and lawful comforts for it; what friends and assistances. And consider all this in comparison with the lot of so many other persons, much more worthy than yourself.

Consider your gifts in mind. How many are there in the world stupid, mad, foolish; and why are you not among them? God has favored you. How many are there who have been brought up coarsely and in gross ignorance? And by God's providence you have been well nurtured and educated.

Consider your spiritual graces. . . God has given you a knowledge of Himself from your youth. How often has He given you His sacraments? How often inspirations, interior illuminations and warnings for your amendments? How often has He pardoned you your faults? How often has He delivered you from occasions to sin to which you have been exposed? And have not your past years been so much time and opportunity to advance the good of your soul? Consider in detail how good and gracious God has been to you.

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